

THE
CHRISTIAN'S DAILY MONITOR:
OR
SCRIPTURE EXTRACTS

THE
CHRISTIAN'S DAILY MONITOR:
OR
SCRIPTURE EXTRACTS
FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR;
WITH
APPROPRIATE SELECTIONS
FROM
THE BEST CHRISTIAN POETS.

"Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee."
—Ps. cxix. 11.

"Divine authority within the breast,
Brings every thought, word, action to the test."

Cooper.

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PREFACE.

THOUGH the Sacred Volume has not been, nor can it be, altogether deserted by the sincere Christian, yet its perusal may be unaccompanied with any apparent benefit or improvement. This, indeed, is a frequent source of sorrow to many who are walking near to God : what, then, must be the case with those who do not habitually thirst after righteousness and seek for a daily supply from the fountain of living waters ? This deficiency of spiritual advantage, from reading the inspired writings, is often caused by hastily going over an allotted portion of Scripture. A single verse “marked, learned, and inwardly digested,” will more effectually promote the growth of grace in the heart, than a whole chapter carelessly perused. But some difficulty may be experienced in the selection of passages, and much time consumed by indecision. To obviate this, the present publication contains a text for every day which may very profitably be committed to memory. The poetical quotations will be found to illustrate and enforce the sentiments of the respective texts, and may be easily remembered.

In a mind that is well regulated and divinely taught, the conscience is very sensitive, and its addresses are peculiarly powerful : but its voice is never so distinctly heard, nor its appeal so irresistible as when it assumes the language of the Bible. He, therefore, who stores his memory with those portions of the divine word which are best fitted to influence the conduct, and to exalt the character, is at the same time teaching his conscience to speak in the most impressive manner. And perverse indeed must be the heart, and awfully aggravated the guilt of that man, who can sin whilst conscience is repeating the words of inspiration, and when its voice is, emphatically, the voice of God.

The Compiler presents this unassuming work to his fellow Christians, with the hope that it may be the means of rendering the language of the Bible more familiar to them, and its doctrines more influential, of deepening their convictions, confirming their faith, elevating their tone of moral feeling, purifying the affections of their hearts, and increasing the holiness of their lives. And he commends it to the Author of all good, without whose blessing, his hopes must be visionary, and his labours vain.



THE
CHRISTIAN'S DAILY MONITOR.

FIRST WEEK.

Sunday.

THY word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Ps. cxix. 105.

Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display ;
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day
My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love ;
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.—*Cowper.*

Monday.

I have loved thee with an everlasting love.
—Jer. xxxi. 3.

Then upward look, howe'er distressed
Jesus shall guide thee home,
To that blest port of endless rest
Where storms shall never come.—*Young.*

Tuesday.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant, and His testimonies.—Ps. xxv. 10.

True happiness

And perfect rectitude are heaven-born twins ;
Obedience ever finds its own reward.

The mind that never stray'd from virtue's path
Has ever found it strew'd with heavenly flowers,
Nor has its happiness been circumscribed
But by the bounds of its capacity.—*Swain.*

Wednesday.

He knoweth the way that I take : when he
hath•tried me, I shall come forth as gold.—
Job. xxiii. 10.

All temptations, storms,

Serve but to shake my graces to the root,
That deeper they may strike into the rock
Whence they derive their strength, and rooted
fast

Grow faster than before.—*Cowper.*

Thursday.

He will speak peace unto His people, and to His saints : but let them not turn again to folly.—Ps. lxxxv. 8.

God alone
Has power to heal, and sin alone has power
To wound intelligence with conscious guilt.
Swain.

Friday.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.—Matt. v. 4.

Amid my list of blessings infinite
Stands this the foremost,—that my heart has
bled.—*Young.*

Saturday.

Give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God.—1 Cor. x. 32.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs ;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all can please ;
Oh ! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence ;

Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

Mrs. H. Moore

SECOND WEEK.

Sunday.

The Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.—Exod. xx. 11.

Of all the days of mortal man, the best,
Brightest, and happiest is the day of rest ;
When God all-good, all-merciful, imparts
His noblest blessing to all humble hearts :
When man, if wise, directs his earnest view
To better worlds, and joys for ever new ;
And in a realm which fading beauty gilds,
Fits his bright spirit for celestial fields.—*Jones.*

Monday.

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord,
and whose hope the Lord is.—Jer. xvii. 7.

Oh thou that driest the mourner's tear
How dark this world would be,
If when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!—*Moore.*

Tuesday.

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.—Ps. lxvi. 18.

Throughout mankind, the Christian kind at least
There dwells a consciousness in every breast,
That folly ends where genuine hope begins,
And he that finds his Heaven, must lose his sins.

Cowper.

Wednesday.

Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest.
—Micah ii. 10.

Earth has engross'd my love too long!

'Tis time I lift mine eyes

Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,

And to my native skies.—*Watts.*

Thursday.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. xi. 28.

Come, freely come, by sin opprest,

Unburden here the mighty load,

Here find thy refuge and thy rest,

Safe in the bosom of thy God ;

Thy God's thy Saviour!—glorious word!
That sheaths the avenger's glittering sword.

Edmeston.

Friday.

The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than
all the dwellings of Jacob.—Ps. lxxxvii. 2.

Come then, oh come from every land,
And worship at His shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.—*Logan.*

Saturday.

Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask
amiss.—James iv. 3.

Poor heart, lament,
For since thy God refuses still,
There is some rub, some discontent,
Which cools His Will;
Thy Father could
Quickly effect what thou dost move,
For He is power; and sure He would,
For He is love.—*Herbert.*

Friday.

This God is our God for ever and ever : he will be our guide even unto death.—Ps. xlviii. 14.

The God that rules on high,
 And thunders when he please,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And manages the seas ;—
 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father, and our love ;
 He shall send down his heavenly powers
 To carry us above.—*Watts.*

Saturday.

Thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as waters that pass away.—Job xi. 16.

When hope her seat to men'ry has resign'd,
 And our chief solace is to look behind ;
 Then shall we learn, perhaps too late, to know,
 That sin hangs heavier on the mind than woe.
 Grief, genuine grief, that comes at God's
 command,
 In which our own misconduct has no hand,
 Though, for the present, not a joyous thing,
 Yet, when it passes over, leaves no sting.

Jane Taylor.

FOURTH WEEK.

Sunday.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—John xiii. 17.

Do good in thy sphere
And thy heaven is here.—*Hodgson.*

Monday.

In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence.
—Prov. xiv. 26.

No weight can sink the man whom God up-
holds,
No conflict can dishearten him, whose mind
The Captain of salvation deigns to cheer.
Swain.

Tuesday.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?—Ps. xxvii. 1.

A Christian dwells, like Uriel, in the sun;
Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight,
And ardent hope anticipates the skies.

Young.

Wednesday.

A meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price.—1 Peter iii. 4.

His likeness here, his love in heav'n be mine.
Swain.

Thursday.

The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

Happy the man whose few desires,
Rise with disgust from earthly fare ;
Whose faith on rapturous wings upborne aspires
To tracts unseen and claims eternal care.
All favour'd mortal, hail ! thy holy rest
No evil chance shall break, no angry foe
molest.—*Swain.*

Friday.

Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him.—Isa. iii. 10.

They shall reap the more abundant joy,
Who sought his truth, with simple honest aim.
To do his will, and glorify his name.

Jane Taylor.

Saturday.

My flesh and my heart faileth : but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.—Ps. lxxiii. 26.

What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint !
God is my Soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.—*Watts.*

FIFTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God !—Ps. xlii. 1.

Oh for a glimpse of him my soul adores !
As the chased hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream, so pants my soul
Amid the blank of sublunary joys.—*Young.*

Monday.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.—1 Peter v. 7.

But I, with all my care,
Will lean upon the Lord ;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

His arm shall well sustain
 The children of his love :
 The ground on which their safety stands
 No earthly power can move.—*Watts.*

Tuesday.

The Lord is my strength and my shield : my
 heart trusted in him, and I am helped.—Ps.
 xxviii. 7.

My peace and hope
 Are founded on a Rock, which hellish rage
 Can never shake ;—the promise of my God.
Swain.

Wednesday.

Thou tellest my wanderings.—Ps. lvi. 8.
 Since first the maze of life I trod,
 Hast thou not hedged about my way ?
 My worldly vain desires withstood,
 And robb'd my passions of their prey ?
 Withheld the fuel from the fire
 And crossed my every fond desire ?—*Cowper.*

Thursday.

No good thing will he withhold from them
that walk uprightly.—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

No man too largely from heaven's love can hope,
If what is hoped he labours to secure.—*Young.*

Friday.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the
darkness.—Ps. cxii. 4.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene,
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray ;
As night to stars, woe, lustre gives to man.
Young.

Saturday.

And this is his name whereby he shall be
called, the Lord our Righteousness.—Jer.
xxiii. 6.

Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root ;
I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hoped, but in thy righteousness divine.
Cowper.

SIXTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

Thy gentleness hath made me great.—Ps.
xviii. 35.

Absorb'd in that immensity I see,
I shrink abased, and yet aspire to thee.

Young.

Monday.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger ;
and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.
—Prov. xix. 11.

Charity, easy, decent, modest, kind
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind ;
Sweet peace she brings ; wherever she arrives
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives :
Lays the rough path of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Prior.

Tuesday.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose
mind is stayed on thee : because he trusteth in
thee.—Isa. xxvi. 3.

Oh happy soul ! that lives on high,
 While men lie grovelling here !
 His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
 And faith forbids his fear.—*Watts.*

Wednesday.

Walk before me, and be thou perfect.—Gen.
 xvii. 1.

Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.—*Watts.*

Thursday.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee : be not
 dismayed, for I am thy God.—Isa. xli. 10.

Thy mercy tempers every blast,
 To those that seek thy face ;
 And mingles with the tempest's roar
 The whispers of thy grace.—*Doddridge.*

Friday.

There shall be no night there.—Rev. xxii. 5.
 There all those tender ties, which here below,
 Or kindred, or more sacred friendship know,

Firm, constant and unchangeable, shall grow ;
Refined from passion, and the dregs of sense,
A better, truer, dearer love, from thence
Its everlasting being shall commence ;—
There, like their days, their joys shall ne'er be
done [sun,
No night shall rise to cloud heaven's glorious
But one eternal holiday go on.—*Mrs. Rowe.*

Saturday.

I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy.
—Ps. xxvii. 6.

"There, could I say, and mark the happy place,
 "'Twas there I did his glorious footsteps trace,
 "'Twas there (oh let me raise an altar there!)
 "I saw as much of heaven as mortal sense
 could bear :
 "There from his eyes I met the heavenly beam,
 "That kindled in my soul this deathless flame."
Mrs. Rowe.

SEVENTH WEEK.

Sunday.

Every word of God is pure : he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him.—Prov. xxx. 5.

O happy they who know the Lord,
 With whom he deigns to dwell !
 He fears and cheers them by his word,
 His arm supports them well.
 Let us enjoy and highly prize
 Those tokens of thy love ;
 Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise
 To worship thee above.—*Newton.*

Monday.

If we have forgotten the name of our God,
 or stretched out our hands unto a strange
 God ; shall not God search this out ? for he
 knoweth the secrets of the heart.—Ps. xliv.
 20, 21.

Whatever passes as a cloud between
 The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
 Causing that better world to disappear,
 Or seem unlovely, and the present dear ; —
 This is our world, our idol, tho' it bear
 Affection's impress, or devotion's air.

Jane Taylor.

Tuesday.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew
 their strength ; they shall mount up with
 wings as eagles ; they shall run and not be

weary, and they shall walk and not faint.—
Isa. xl. 31.

Hope, with uplifted foot set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth ;
On steady wings sails through th' immens
abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner her
With wreaths like those triumphant spirit
wear. *Cowper.*

Wednesday.

I have chosen thee (made thee a choice one
in the furnace of affliction.—Isa. xlviii. 10.

By past corrections humbled still,
Let no vain passion start
Within the consecrated veil
Of a believer's heart.—*Mrs. Cowper.*

Thursday.

Thou God seest me.—Gen. xvi. 13.

On human hearts he bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heaven's register records,
The rise and progress of each option there.

Young

Friday.

Despise not the chastening of the Lord.—
Prov. iii. 11.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to that land where sorrow is unknown ;
No trav'ler ever reach'd that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars on his road.
Cowper.

Saturday.

The joy of the Lord is your strength.—Neh.
viii. 10.

Religion's force divine is best display'd
In deep desertion of all human aid ;
To succour in extremes is her delight,
And cheer the heart when terror strikes the
sight ;
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal heart can raise
To triumph in misfortune, smile in grief,
And comfort those who come to bring relief ;
We gaze, and as we gaze, wealth, fame decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.
Young.



EIGHTH WEEK.

Sunday.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?
 who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that
 walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,
 and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that
 backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil
 to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach
 against his neighbour.—Ps. xv. 1, 2, 3.

Is this the rugged path, the steep ascent,
 That virtue points to? Can a life thus spent
 Lead to the bliss she promises the wise,
 Detach the soul from earth, and point her to
 the skies? *Cowper.*

Monday.

He gave them their request; but sent lean-
 ness into their soul.—Ps. cvi. 15.

Oh! who that takes a retrospective view
 Of years now fading in the distant blue,—
 The snares to which impetuous we had flown,
 Restrain'd by God's resistless hand alone,—
 How, ever yielding to our own self-will,
 We would refuse the good and choose the ill,—
 He, interposing still on our behalf,
 Still safely guiding with his rod and staff,—

But with subdued submissive heart would cry,
Choose thou my portion, guide me with thine
eye!

One sole condition would I dare suggest,
That thou wouldst save me from mine own re-
quest.

Jane Taylor.

Tuesday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why
art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in
God.—Ps. xlii. 11.

To chase thy gloom, go find some weighty truth;
Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up, and lay strong hold on him who made
thee :

Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow,
Though wither'd is thy vine; and harp unstrung.

Young.

Wednesday.

And his servants shall serve him.—Rev. xxii. 3.

O Father, grace and virtue grant,
No more I ask, no more I want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, and bliss above.

Henry Moore.

Thursday.

Charity doth not behave herself unseemly,
seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked,
thinketh no evil.—1 Cor. xiii. 5.

He bids him glow with unremitting love
To all on earth, and to himself above ;
Condemns the injurious deed, the sland'rous
tongue,
The thought that meditates a brother's wrong ;
Brings not alone the more conspicuous part,
His conduct, to the test, but tries the heart.
Cowper.

Friday.

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment,
worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal
weight of glory ; while we look not at the things
which are seen, but at the things which are not
seen, for the things which are seen are temporal ;
but the things which are not seen are eternal.
—2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

From dreams on earth we move,
And wake through death to rising life above.
Parnell.

Saturday.

What doth the Lord require of thee?—Micah vi. 8.

Man's obligation's infinite ; of course
His life should prove that he perceives its force ;
The utmost he can render is but small,
The principle and motive all in all.—*Cowper*.

NINTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells
of salvation.—Isa. xii. 3.

Lo ! the great Shepherd leads his heav'nly flock
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast ;
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth
Bedimm'd with showers. Then to the pastures
green

He brings them, where the quiet waters glide,
The streams of life, the Siloah of the soul.

Graham.

Monday.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy
strength is small.—Prov. xxiv. 10.

Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.—*Young*.

Tuesday.

Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance.—Matt. iii. 8.

How mournful when resistance fails,
The conflict slackens, and the foe prevails !

Jane Taylor.

Wednesday.

He is altogether lovely.—Sol. Song v. 16.

Jesus, my Saviour, in thy face
The essence lives of every grace ;
All other things, which charm the sight,
Are shadows tipt with glow-worm light ;
Thy beauty, Lord, th' enraptured eye
Which fully views it, first must die ;
Then let me die, through death, to know
The joy I seek in vain below.—*Jane Taylor.*

Thursday.

A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again.—Prov. xxiv. 16.

How does repentance tread with bleeding feet
And throbbing bosom o'er the rugged path
Which sin indulged, has planted thick with
 thorns. *Swain.*

Friday.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.
—1 John v. 21.

Affection more than meet
True wisdom leaves not disengaged from
heaven ;
Those secondary goods that smile on earth,
He loving in proportion, loves in peace.

Young.

Saturday.

Fear not : I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.—Gen. xv. 1.

Though now a toiling tenant of the dust,
See heaven its fair inheritance displays,
And, warm with generous hope and filial trust,
Exalt thy soul to joy, thy voice to praise.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

TENTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight,
O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.—
Ps. xix. 14.

Every thought should be directed
 Heavenward through this hallow'd day :
 Worldly themes should be rejected,—
 Themes that draw the soul away :
 'Tis the day of sacred rest—
 'Tis the day the Lord has blest.—*Kelly.*

Monday.

O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments ! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.—*Isa. xlviii. 18.*

That is true happiness below,
 Which conscience cannot turn to woe.
Montgomery.

Tuesday.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.—*Prov. iii. 6.*

Oh let thy fear within me dwell,
 Thy love my footsteps guide ;—
 That love shall vainer loves dispel,
 That fear all fears beside.—*Merrick.*

Wednesday.

Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people which thou hast redeemed : thou hast guided

them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation.
—Exod. xv. 13.

To travel barefoot to some hallow'd shrine—
If this would do, how soon would heaven be
mine,—

To walk with God, resigning every weight,—
To run with patience up to Zion's gate,—
To hold affections fix'd on things above,—
To value heavenly, more than earthly love,—
To dread the frown of heaven's discerning eye,
More than the world's opprobrious calumny,—
To keep faith's prospects prominent and clear,—
To seek not rest, nor wish to find it here,—
Is harder work ; too hard for arms like ours,
Opposed by principalities and powers,
Had he not covenanted to supply
Helmet and shield, from heaven's armoury.

Jane Taylor.

Thursday.

The Lord went before them by day, in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way ; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light ; to go by day and night.—Exod. xiii. 21.

Weep not, though lonely and wild be thy path,
And the storms may be gathering round ;

There is one who can shield from the hurricane's
 wrath,
 And that one may for ever be found.

He is with thee, around thee, he lists to thy cry,
 And thy tears are recorded by him ;
 A pillar of fire he will be to thine eye,
 Whose brightness can never be dim.

Oh ! follow it still through the darkness of night,
 In safety 'twill lead to the morrow ;
 'Tis not like the meteor of earth's fickle light,
 Often quench'd in delusion and sorrow.

Too pure is the beam and unfading the ray,
 And the tempest assaults it in vain ;
 When the mists of this world are all vanish'd
 away,
 In its brightness it still will remain.

Jane Taylor.

Friday.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. xxxiii.
 27.

Thus shall I stand, unmov'd by all alarms,
 Secure within the temple of thine arms ;

From anxious care, from gloomy terrors free,
And find myself omnipotent in thee.

Barbault.

Saturday.

Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy
work.—Exod. xx. 9.

When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week.

Edmeston.

ELEVENTH WEEK.

Sunday.

This is the day which the Lord hath made ;
we will rejoice and be glad in it.—Ps. cxviii.
24.

Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will close,
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Sacred Spirit, source of peace,
A sabbath o'er my soul.—*Edmeston.*

Monday.

In keeping thy commandments there is great reward.—Ps. xix. 11.

Virtue is true self-interest pursued.—*Young.*

Tuesday.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—Matt. xxii. 39.

Self-love no grace in sorrow sees,
 Consults her own peculiar ease,
 The only bliss she knows :
 But nobler aims true love employs,—
 In self-denial is her joys,
 In suffering her repose.—*Young*

Wednesday.

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?
 —Gen. xviii. 25.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan,
 Through the dark medium of life's fev'rish
 dream,
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
 If but one little part incongruous seem.
Beattie.

Thursday.

What seek ye ?—John i. 38.

A few forsake the throng, with lifted eyes
 Ask wealth of heav'n, and gain a real prize,—
 Truth, wisdom, grace and peace, like that above,
 Seal'd with his signet whom they serve and love ;
 Scorn'd by the rest, with patient hope they wait
 A kind release from their imperfect state,
 And, unregretted, are soon snatched away
 From scenes of sorrow, into perfect day.

Cowper.

Friday.

My people have committed two evils ; they
 have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters,
 and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns,
 that can hold no water.—Jer. ii. 13.

Oh, how base was I
 To quit the pillow of eternal peace,
 And seek repose among the thorns of time !
Swain.

Saturday.

Doth Job fear God for nought ?—Job i. 9.
 Virtue's a combat ; and who fights for nought,
 Or for precarious, or for small reward ?
Young.

TWELFTH WEEK.

Sunday.

Thy service is perfect freedom.

Could I but reach
The rectitude I wish in serving thee,
I meet a full reward, and gain the first,
The great design for which I had a being ;
I breathe at thy command, and 'tis the boast
And glory of my life, to live to thee.

Mrs. Rowe.

Monday.

God is my salvation ; I will trust, and not be
afraid.—Isa. xii. 2.

He claims this tribute whose paternal care
Incessant watches o'er our helpless frame,
And bids the changing scenes of life prepare
Our rising nature to a nobler aim.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

Tuesday.

Great peace have they which love thy law :
and nothing shall offend them.—Ps. cxix. 165.
Wrongs he sustains with temper, looks on
heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe ;
Nought but what wounds his virtue, wounds
his peace.

Young.

Wednesday.

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I
command you.—John xv. 14.

Deny thyself ;—this precept, binding still
As when first issued ; how do we fulfil ?
Where is the cross that we should daily bear ?
Where the reproach the Saviour's flock must
share ?

Where is the dear indulgence he denies ?
Which of our virtues is a sacrifice ?
Is it our aim to keep the world at bay ?
Where then the faith that overcomes its sway ?
How have we learn'd the easy cross to take,
And count all things but loss for Jesus' sake ?

Jane Taylor.

Thursday.

He will beautify the meek with salvation.—
Ps. cxlix. 4.

No lovelier object can we hope to find,
Than a bright spirit, gentle, and resign'd,
Composed to bear unmoved its lot below,
Though mark'd with changes, and though dark
with woe ;

The same in every stage and state of life,
Stranger to murmur, fretfulness, and strife,

Bending submissive to the sov'reign will,
And versed in all its measures to be still.

Jones.

Friday.

Persecuted, but not forsaken ; cast down, but
not destroyed.—2 Cor. iv. 9.

Why should I, in vain repining,
Mourn the clouds that cross my way ?
Since my Saviour's presence shining
Turns my darkness into day.—*Edmeston.*

Saturday.

Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth
iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of
the remnant of his heritage ! he retaineth not
his anger for ever, because he delighteth in
mercy.—Micah vii. 18.

Oh ! who hath tasted of his clemency
In greater measure, or more oft than I !
Which way soe'er I turn my face, or feet,
I see thy mercy, and thy glory meet.

Edmeston.

THIRTEENTH WEEK.

Sunday.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst
after righteousness: for they shall be filled.—
Matt. v. 6.

I thirst, but not, as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share ;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.

Monday.

Verily there is a reward for the righteous.—
Ps. lviii. 11.

What raised our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.—*Johnson*.

Tuesday.

Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.
—Heb. xii. 14.

Shall tow'ring strength, or eagle flight
Essay to reach the sacred height,
By saint and seraph trod ?
That living light, that holiest air,
The guileless heart alone shall share,—
The pure behold their God.—*Bowdler*.

Wednesday.

Let your moderation be known unto all men.
—Phil. iv. 5.

A soul serene, and equally retired
From objects too much dreaded, or desired.
Cowper.

Thursday.

Therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be
gracious unto you.—Isa. xxx. 18.

Of what an easy quick access,
My blessed Lord, art thou ; how suddenly
Doth our request thine ear invade :
If I but lift mine eye, my suit is made ;
Thou canst no more not hear, than thou canst die.
Herbert.

Friday.

He giveth power to the faint.—Isa. xl. 29.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !

How sure is their defence !

Eternal wisdom is their guide,

Their help, omnipotence.—*Addison.*

Saturday.

Blessed are the poor in spirit ; for their's is the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. v. 3.

From purity of thought all pleasure spings,
And from an humble spirit, all our peace.

Young.

FOURTEENTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Rev. vii. 17.

God shall himself his favour'd creatures guide,
Where living waters pour their blissful tide ;
Where the enlarged, exulting, wounded mind
Shall soar from weakness and from guilt refined ;
Where perfect knowledge, bright with cloud-
less rays,

Shall gild eternity's unmeasured days ;
Where friendship, unembitter'd by distrust,
Shall in immortal bands unite the just ;
Devotion, raised to rapture, breathe her strain,
And love, in his eternal triumph reign.

Young.

Monday.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.—Col. iii. 1.

We give to time eternity's regard,
And dreaming, take our passage for our port.
Young.

Tuesday.

Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ.—Phil. i. 27.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these reciprocally those again ;
The mind and conduct mutually imprint
And stamp their image in each other's mint.
Cowper.

Wednesday.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—Matt. v. 8.

Oh! to be pure as morning light,
First issuing from the solar spring,
Ere it be sullied, in its flight,
By touch of any earthly thing.
Edmeston.

Thursday.

Turn, O backsliding children !—Jer. iii. 14.

With gentle smiles call me thy child,
 And speak my sins forgiven ;
 The accents mild shall charm mine ear,
 All like the harps of heaven.

Doddridge.

Friday.

I will heal their backsliding.—Hosea xiv 4.

My Saviour, let me hear thy voice
 Pronounce the word of peace,
 And all my warmest powers shall join
 To celebrate thy grace.—*Doddridge.*

Saturday.

We come unto thee ; for thou art the Lord
 our God.—Jer. iii. 22.

When dreadful guilt is done away,
 No other fears we know ;
 The hand that scatters pardons down,
 Shall crowns of life bestow.—*Doddridge.*



FIFTEENTH WEEK.

Sunday.

Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.—Ps. xxvi. 8.

There we supplicate thy throne ;
 There thou mak'st thy glories known ;
 There we learn thy righteous ways,
 Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

Doddridge.

Monday.

Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.—Gal. iv. 6.

Leaning on thy paternal breast,
 When nature seeks her last repose,
 May I the sweet affiance feel,
 Which from that high relation flows.

Madan.

Tuesday.

Let us not be weary in well doing ; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—Gal. vi. 9.

True benevolence is on the wing,
 'Tis not content to sit sublime and sing,
 It rises, energetic to perform
 The hardest task, and face the rudest storm.
Jane Taylor.

Wednesday.

Who will shew us any good ?—Ps. iv. 6.

Wisdom views with an indifferent eye
 All finite joys, all blessings born to die ;
 The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
 Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast ;
 A stream diverted from its parent source ;
 A spark which upward tends by nature's force ;
 A drop, dissever'd from the boundless sea ;
 A moment parted from Eternity ;
 A pilgrim panting for the rest to come ;
 An exile, anxious for his native home.

Mrs. H. Moore.

Thursday.

Lift thou up the light of thy countenance
 upon us.—Ps. iv. 6.

My sole possession is thy love ;
 On earth beneath, in heav'n above,
 I have no other store ;

And though with fervent heart I pray,
 And importune thee night and day,
 I ask thee nothing more.

Mrs. H. Moore.

Friday.

Being justified by faith, we have peace with
 God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.—Rom.
 v. 1.

'Tis here the weary soul is blest
 With sweet uninterrupted rest ;
 'Tis here I lay my burden down,
 Here, through the cross, behold the crown ;
 And from Immanuel's sorrows see
 Eternal pleasures spring for me.—*Swain.*

Saturday.

Cast not away your confidence, which hath
 great recompence of reward.—Heb. x. 35.

His hand, the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor heeds her idle whirl.

Young.

SIXTEENTH WEEK.

Sunday.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God,
and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?—
1 Cor. iii. 16.

From sin and sorrow set me free,
And make thy temple worthy thee.
Dryden.

Monday.

He that is in Christ, is a new creature.—2
Cor. v. 17.

Oh seek, (accounting all beside it loss,)
A thorough renovation at the cross ;
Then would the healing streams of mercy wind
Throughout the sickly mazes of the mind ;
The weeds of selfishness would droop and die,
And plants of charity their place supply ;
That fruitful stream refreshing as it flows,
Would make the desert blossom as the rose.

Jane Taylor.

Tuesday.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain
mercy.—Matt. v. 7.

What then am I who sorrow for myself?
 In age or infancy, from other's aid
 Is all our hope, to teach us to be kind,
 That nature's first, last lesson to mankind.—
 The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.

Young

Wednesday.

The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and
 the days of thy mourning shall be ended.—Isa.
 lx. 20.

What at most is every pain,
 Every tear and every sigh!
 Shades that flit across the plain,
 As the clouds pass o'er the sky.
 Fleeting shadows, pass ye on,
 Who would waste one thought on you,
 With yonder never setting sun,
 And immortality in view!—*Edmeston.*

Thursday.

Take the helmet of salvation and the sword
 of the Spirit.—Ephes. vi. 17.

Sword of the Spirit! thine the victory;
 Let undivided praise be given
 To him, who fought and bled on Calvary,
 To him, who points the way to heaven.
Edmeston.

Friday.

I have kept the ways of the Lord, and have not wickedly departed from my God.—Ps. xviii. 21.

So he who seeks a mansion in the sky,
Must watch his purpose with a steadfast eye ;
That prize belongs to none but the sincere,
The least obliquity is fatal here.—*Cowper*.

Saturday.

Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey.—Rom. vi. 16.

O for a heart submissive, meek,—
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.—*Wesley*.

SEVENTEENTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.—Ps. xlii. 2.

As panting in the sultry beam
The hart desires the cooling stream,

So longs my soul, O God, for thee ;
 So to thy presence Lord I flee,
 Athirst to taste thy living grace,
 And see thy glory face to face.—*Bowdler.*

Monday.

How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge
 within thee?—Jer. iv. 14.

Come Holy Spirit, love divine,
 Thy cleansing power impart ;
 Each erring thought and wish refine,
 That wanders near my heart.
Mrs. Cowper.

Tuesday.

The Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar
 people unto himself.—Deut. xiv. 2.

If duty call, and suffering too,
 Dear Lord, I'd follow thee ;
 As thou hast done, so would I do,
 As thou art, would I be.—*Cowper.*

Wednesday.

To be spiritually minded is life and peace.—
 Rom. viii. 6.

A soul in commerce with her God, in heav'n.
Young.

Thursday.

Not every one that saith unto me, **Lord, Lord**, shall enter into the **Kingdom of heaven** ; but he that doeth the will of my **Father** which is in heaven.—**Matt. vii. 21.**

The question is not if our earthly race
Was once enlighten'd with a flash of grace,
If we sustain'd a place on **Zion's hill**,
And call'd him **Lord**,—but if we did his will.
Jane Taylor.

Friday.

I am he that blotteth out thy transgressions
for mine own sake, and will not remember thy
sins.—**Isa. xliii. 25.**

Our folly tutor'd, and subdued our pride,
His healing smiles our fears and griefs controul,
And gently through the paths of duty guide
The ductile temper of the soften'd soul.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

Saturday.

I will sing of mercy.—**Ps. ci. 1.**

I hear a sound that comes from far,
It fills my soul with joy and love ;
Not seraph's voices sweeter are,
That echo through the courts above.

'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,
 From Calvary it sounds abroad ;
 It soothes my soul and calms my fear,
 It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
Kelly.

EIGHTEENTH WEEK.

Sunday.

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
 -1 Chron. xvi. 29.

In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures pass away ;
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end.
Stennett.

Monday.

Sing praises unto his name, for it is pleasant.
 -Ps. cxxxv. 3.

Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
 My prophet, priest, and king,
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.—*Newton.*

Tuesday.

Why weepest thou?—John xx. 13.

Heir of immortal being, whence that sigh
 O'er transient life's probationary woes ?
 Why droops that spirit form'd to seek the sky,
 Not idly languish in a long repose ?

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

Wednesday.

Walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing.
 — Col. i. 10.

Fain would I walk as one redeem'd
 From every vain desire ;
 Lord ! may thy sanctifying grace
 Each thought and word inspire.

Mrs. Cowper.

Thursday.

If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.—Rom. viii. 9.

Heaven waits not the last moment, owns her friends

On this side death, and points them out to men.

Young.

Friday.

He fed them according to the integrity of his heart; and guided them by the skillfulness of his hands.—Ps. lxxviii. 72.

Oh! step by step, they cry, direct our way,
And give us grace like manna day by day,
The store of yesterday will not suffice,
To-morrow's sun on us may never rise:
Safe only, when our souls are stay'd on thee,
Rich only, when we know our poverty.

Montgomery.

Saturday.

O Lord, correct me, but with judgment; not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing.—Jer. x. 24.

Oft when the phantoms of delusive good
With soft seductions round the senses play,
He bids affliction lift her chastening rod,
And drive the unsubstantial forms away.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

NINETEENTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

I will go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy.—Ps. xliii. 4.

Now near the altar of my God
I choose my safest blest abode,
From morn till even ;
Oh still upon its hallow'd breast
My heart shall build her lowly nest,
And find an earthly heaven.

Cunningham.

Monday.

Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.—Heb. xiii. 14.

When sanguine youth the plain of life surveys,
It does not calculate on rainy days ;
Some, as they enter on the unknown way,
Expect large troubles at a distant day,—
The loss of wealth, or friends they fondly prize,—
But reckon not on ills of smaller size,
Those nameless, trifling ills, that intervene,
And people life, infesting every scene,
And there with silent unavow'd success,
Wear off the keener edge of happiness :

Those teasing swarms that buzz about our joys
 More potent than the whirlwind that destroys.
 Potent with heavenly teaching, to attest,
 Life is a pilgrimage, and not a rest.

Jane Taylor.

Tuesday.

Christ is all, and in all.—Col. iii. 11.

Thou, my all!

My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
 My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
 My soul's ambition! pleasure! wealth! my world!
 My light in darkness! and my life in death!
 My boast in time! bliss through eternity.

Young.

Wednesday.

Godliness, with contentment, is great gain.
 —1 Tim. vi. 6.

Hail, gentle power, companion of the wise,
 Their solace and repose in stormy skies,
 Whose every word, as from an angel's voice,
 Bids man e'en in calamity rejoice,
 And cherish in the rude events of time,
 Feelings of bliss and sentiments sublime.

Jones.

Thursday.

Let us not sleep as do others ; but let us watch and be sober.—1 Thess. v. 6.

Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean upon thy spear,
Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
And fate surprise thee nodding.—*Young.*

Friday.

Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.—Jer. vi. 16.

That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its odours on the Christian's thorny road ;
The soul reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
Forgets her labours as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.
Cowper.

Saturday.

Thou hast not honoured me with thy sacrifices.—Isa. xliii. 23.

A sickly appetite had I,
And sickly joys were mine,
And many an idol tempted me,
And did my heart intwine.

Oh! it were pain to reckon o'er
 The follies of each day,
 And call to mind the senseless cares
 That stole my heart away,
Mrs. Cowper.

T W E N T I E T H W E E K .

Sunday.

And they remembered that God was their
 Rock, and the high God their Redeemer.—Ps.
 lxxviii. 35.

Oh! if these happy hopes on thee
 Have pour'd their sacred agency,
 And if thou hast a soul to feel
 The mercies which such hopes reveal,
 However dark thy path may be
 With this world's passing misery,
 Go, and be thankful, murmur not
 Over the sorrows of thy lot,
 But meekly happy, kiss the rod,
 All grateful that thou hast a God ; .
 And let thy earthly grief be still,
 In the high aim to do his will ;
 All fear, all doubt, all grief discard,
 And he will be thy great reward,
Cowper.

Monday.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.—1 John i. 9.

But thee, my God, thee, still the same we find,
Thy glory lasting, and thy mercy kind.

Parnell.

Tuesday.

The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—Rom. viii. 18.

As spring the winter, day the night,

Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away,
And smiling joy, a seraph bright,

Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay ;
While glory weaves the immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee as her own.

Parnell.

Wednesday.

I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good ; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.—Jer. xxxii. 40.

Lord of mercies, be it done,

Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son.

Milman.

Thursday.

God is love.—1 John iv. 8.

Thy nature, gracious Lord impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Milman.

Friday.

My times are in thine hand.—Ps. xxxi. 15.

My destined hours pursue their course,
Prescribed them by love's sweetest force,
And I thy sovereign will,
Without a wish t' escape my doom,
Though still a sufferer from the womb,
And doom'd to suffer still.—*Milman.*

Saturday.

They have washed their robes, and made them
white in the blood of the Lamb.—Rev. vii. 14.

Who then shall conquer, who maintain the fight?
E'en they who walk by faith, and not by sight;
Who, having washed their robes, and made
them white,

Press towards the mark, and see the promised
land,

Not dim and distantly, but near at hand.

Jane Taylor.

TWENTY-FIRST WEEK.

Sunday.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee.—Ps. lxxv. 4.

When love appears supreme upon the throne,
And points the soul to its immortal crown,
Loose fly the strings that held his soul to earth,
Up spring the passions of celestial birth,
And one bright glance of Jesus makes him say,
“I’ve none on earth, in heav’n I’ve none but
thee.”

Swain.

Monday.

If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die ; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.—Rom. viii. 13.

Up!—God hath formed thee with a higher view,
Not to be led in chains, but to subdue ;
Calls thee to cope with enemies, and first
Points out a conflict with thyself the worst.

Cowper.

Tuesday.

He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.—Mark xiii. 13.

Thy grace can make the boastful meek,
 The wav'ring firm, the sensual pure ;
 Put heav'nly might upon the weak,
 And make them happy who endure.
Cowper.

Wednesday.

All things work together for good to them
 that love God.—Rom. viii. 28.

All evils natural are moral goods ;
 All discipline indulgence, on the whole.
 None are unhappy ; all have cause to smile,
 But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Young.

Thursday.

I will rejoice over them to do them good,
 with my whole heart, and with my whole soul.
 —Jer. xxxii. 41.

O Lord ! O Saviour ! though thy chosen band
 Have stray'd like strangers in a foreign land,
 Through number'd ages they have run their
 race,—

Still has thy mercy been our dwelling place.
Parnell.

Friday.

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.
—Matt. xvi. 24.

His warfare is within ; there unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
Compared with which, the laurels
That a Cæsar reaps, are weeds.—*Cowper.*

Saturday.

Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and
shew thee great and mighty things, which thou
knowest not.—Jer. xxxiii. 3.

Oh prayer, thou mine of things unknown !

Who can be poor, possessing thee ?

Thou wert a fount of joy alone,

Better than worlds of gold to me,

Were I bereft of all beside,

That wears the form or name of bliss,

I yet were rich, what will betide,

If God in mercy left me this.

Edmeston.

TWENTY-SECOND WEEK.

Sunday.

We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house.—Ps. lxxv. 4.

When the glad soul is made heav'n's welcome
 guest,
 Sits banqueting, and God provides the feast.
Cowper.

Monday.

Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died.—Rom. viii. 34.

When on Calvary I rest,
 God, in flesh made manifest,
 Smiles in my Redeemer's face,
 Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
 Here I would for ever stay,
 Love, and gaze my soul away ;—
 Thou art heaven on earth to me,
 Lovely, mournful Calvary.

Montgomery.

Tuesday.

They have forgotten their resting place.—
 Jer. l. 6.

Oh! mount at length to heaven on rapid wing,
 There in thy native empyrean glow,
 And blest with peace, and bright in endless
 spring,
 Smile at the clouds which shade a world below.
Bowdler.

Wednesday.

Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and
 he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.
 —1 John iv. 13.

Oh for a heart in thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with Love divine,
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,—
 A copy, Lord, of thine.—*Bowdler.*

Thursday.

Love not the world.—1 John ii. 15.

Oh! for a soul magnanimous, to know,
 Poor world, thy littleness, and let thee go;
 Not with a gloomy, proud, ascetic mind,
 That loves thee still, and only hates mankind,
 Reverse the line, and this my temper be,
 To love mankind, and pour contempt on thee.
Jane Taylor.

Friday.

I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.—Rom. xii. 1.

Oh let me think how thou didst leave,
 Untasted every pure delight,
 To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
 The toilsome day, the houseless night :
 To faint, to grieve, to die for me,
 Thou camest not thyself to please ;
 And dear as earthly comforts be,
 Shall I not love thee more than these ?

Yes, I would count them all but loss,
 To gain the favour of thine eye :
 Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
 But thou canst give the victory.

Edmeston.

Saturday.

Be not deceived ; God is not mocked ; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. vi. 7.

'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man ;
 How little they who think aught great below !
 All our ambitions death defeats, but one,
 And that it crowns.—*Young.*

TWENTY-THIRD WEEK.

Sunday.

Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright.—Ps. cxi. 1.

And when this lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,—
Then in a nobler sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.—*Cowper.*

Monday.

The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.—Isa. lx. 20.

Fired at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
Heaven in reversion, like the sun as yet
Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world ;
It sheds on souls susceptible of light
The glorious dawn of an eternal day.

Young.

Tuesday.

In all their affliction he was afflicted.—Isa. lxiii. 9.

Then, though he bend my spirit low,
 Love only shall I see,
 The very hand that strikes the blow
 Was wounded once for me.

Edmeston.

Wednesday.

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?—Rom. viii. 32.

To man the bleeding cross has promised all ;
 The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace.

Young.

Thursday.

In the world ye shall have tribulation.—John xvi, 33.

Earthly honour, earthly treasure,
 All the warmest passions win,
 And the silken wings of pleasure
 Only waft us on to sin :
 But within the vale of sorrow,
 All with tempests overblown,
 Purer light and joy we borrow,
 From the face of God alone.

Edmeston.

Friday.

Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear.—1 Peter iii. 15.

All joy to the believer! he can speak
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek.

Cowper.

Saturday.

Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.—Hab. iii. 17, 18.

Ah! why, by passing clouds opprest,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to him in every pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain,—
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

Bowdler.



TWENTY-FOURTH WEEK.

Sunday.

I will contend with him that contendeth with thee.—Isa. xlix. 25.

Ah then in the strength he has given,
 And pledged his own word to bestow,
 I'll fight through my passage to heaven,
 And sing of his love as I go.
 He'll purge away nought but my dross,—
 Then let him afflict, I'll adore,
 And cheerfully bear up the cross
 My Saviour has carried before.—*Swain.*

Monday.

But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion, according to the multitude of his mercies.—Lam. iii. 32.

Welcome then each darker token,
 Mercy sent it from above ;
 So the heart subdued, not broken,
 Bends with fear, and melts with love.
Edmeston.

Tuesday.

Let us search and try our ways.—Lam. iii. 40.
 Man, know thyself,—all wisdom centres there.
Young.

Wednesday.

Grow in grace.—2 Peter iii. 18.

Nature delights in progress, in advance
From worse to better ; but when minds ascend,
Progress in part depends upon themselves ;
Heaven aid exertion,—greater makes the great,
The voluntary little lessens more.—*Young.*

Thursday.

For this thing I besought the Lord thrice,
that it might depart from me. And he said
unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee.—
2 Cor. xii. 8, 9.

The hand of the Highest, that woundeth, can
heal
Every pang that the keenest affliction may feel ;
And though misery's cup may be fill'd to the
brim,
It can be endured through obedience to him.

Bernard Barton.

Friday.

He led them forth by the right way, that they
might go to a city of habitation.—Ps. cvii. 7.

Thus over life's wide darkling plain,
Unheeding as we roam,
Through many a path of joy and pain,
He leads his children home :

And though sometimes, in prospect view'd,
 And winding way seems dark and rude,
 Yet who the backward scene hath scann'd,
 Nor bless'd his father's guiding hand ?

Bowdler.

Saturday.

Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man
 for the punishment of his sins ?—Lam. iii. 39.

Oh let me weep for nought but sin,
 And after none but thee ;
 And then I would, oh that I might,
 A constant weeper be.—*Beddome.*

TWENTY-FIFTH WEEK.

Sunday.

My soul cleaveth unto the dust : quicken thou
 me according to the word.—Ps. cxix. 25.

Is there my soul, beneath the starry sphere,
 Aught that can bind thy best affections here ?

Hast thou no power to rise ?

Look to that happy realm where spirits dwell
 Unfetter'd from their clay,—where earth and
 hell

No more pollute their joys.—*Beddome.*

Monday.

Thou drewest near in the day that I called
upon thee ; thou saidst, Fear not.—Lam. iii. 57.

So comforted, and so sustain'd,
With dark events I strove,
And found them, rightly understood,
All messengers of love :
With silent and submissive awe,
Adored a chastening God,
Revered the terrors of his law,
And humbly kissed the rod.

Mrs. Cowper.

Tuesday.

Whosoever he be of you, that forsaketh not
all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.—
Luke xiv. 33.

Body to soul, and soul to God submit,—
Wouldst thou build lasting happiness, do this.

Young.

Wednesday.

I will put my Spirit within you, and cause
you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep
my judgments and do them.—Ezek. xxxvi. 27.

But this I would for ever pray,
 And here I cannot be denied,
 That whether dark or bright my way,
 Thy Spirit would my spirit guide :
 Then in the flow of prosp'rous years,
 I shall not raise my heart too high ;
 Nor yield to clouds, or doubts or fears,
 Though prospects fail, and comforts die.
Edmeston.

Thursday.

He performeth the thing that is appointed
 for me.—Job xxiii. 14.

God orders all ; what he appoints is best ;
 Who knows and feels it, is, and must be blest.
Jones.

Friday.

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness, be-
 cause of mine enemies ; make thy way straight
 before my face.—Ps. v. 8.

Through each perplexing path of life,
 Our wand'ring footsteps guide,
 Give us by day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide :
 Oh spread thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wand'rings cease ;

And in our Father's loved abode,
Our feet arrive in peace.—*Logan.*

Saturday.

Of his fulness have all we received, and grace
for grace.—John i. 16.

With boldness therefore, at his throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.—*Logan.*

TWENTY-SIXTH WEEK.

Sunday.

When shall I come and appear before God?
—Ps. xlii. 2.

Sufficed with life, my weary spirit faints,
And longs to be at rest : oh let me enter
Those sacred seats, and after all the toil
Of mortal life, begin an everlasting Sabbath.
Logan.

Monday.

Whether therefore, ye eat or drink, or what-
soever ye do, do all to the glory of God.—1
Cor. x. 31.

Ah then shall I cease to offend
 The Saviour I love and adore,
 His grace without limit or end
 Shall dwell in this heart evermore :
 All pure as the spirits above,
 Each thought shall exult in his name,
 Each passion, resign'd to his love,
 With rapturè his praise shall proclaim.

Logan.

Tuesday.

Ephraim is joined to idols : let him alone.—
 Hos. iv. 17.

Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the
 heart,—

A broken reed at best, and oft a spear :
 On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope
 expires.

Young.

Wednesday.

This day is a day of trouble and of rebuke.—
 Isa. xxxvii. 3.

Yet e'en in this hour of unutt'able grief,
 Religion and reason may whisper relief,
 If the sufferer confide in the goodness of God,
 Who withholds not his staff when he strikes
 with his rod.

Bernard Barton.

Thursday.

If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed.—John viii. 31.

Oh still that needful grace impart,
On thee my trembling soul I cast ;
Perfect thy work within me, Lord,
And own my worthless name at last.

Bernard Barton.

Friday.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not easily puffed up.—1 Cor. xiii. 4.

True charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green ;
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,—
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.

Cowper.

Saturday.

Be not children in understanding.—1 Cor. xiv. 20.

The more our spirits are enlarged on earth,
The deeper draughts shall we receive of heaven.

Young.

TWENTY-SEVENTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

For we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness are as filthy rags ; and we all do fade as a leaf.—Isa. lxiv. 6.

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up mine head.

Wesley.

Monday.

He shall choose our inheritance for us,—
Ps. xlvii. 4.

Choice befits not our condition,
Acquiescence is the best.—*Wesley.*

Tuesday.

Now are we the sons of God : and it doth not yet appear what we shall be : but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him ; for we shall see him as he is.—1 John iii. 2.

High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope ;

Yet are we able only to survey
 Dawnings of beams and promises of day ;
 Heav'n's full effulgence mocks our dazzled
 sight,
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.
Prior.

Wednesday.

Your iniquities have separated between you
 and your God.—Isa. lix. 2.

When moved by sin or cold neglect,
 Thy stern rebukes my soul correct,
 And sore dismay'd, afflicted, tost,
 I mourn thy sacred presence lost,—
 Thou mark'st, thou bow'st thy heavens most
 high,
 And in the darkness of the sky,
 Reveal'st thine awful, soothing voice,
 And bidst my sinking heart rejoice.

Bowdler.

Thursday.

To be carnally minded is death.—Rom. viii. 6.
 What, if mistrustful of its latent worth,
 We hide our single talent in the earth ?
 And what, if self is pamper'd, not denied ?
 What, if the flesh is never crucified ?

What, if the world be hidden in the heart !
Will it be “ Come ye blessed,” or “ Depart !”

Jane Taylor.

Friday.

This is the confidence we have in him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us : and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.—1 John v. 14, 15.

Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give ;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

Kelly.

Saturday.

And there shall be one fold and one shepherd.—John x. 16.

Blessed fold ! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence ;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield omnipotence ;
Blessed, for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.—*Conder.*

TWENTY-EIGHTH WEEK.

, *Sunday.*

If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath,
from doing thy pleasure on my holy day ; and
call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord,
honourable ; and shalt honour him, not doing
thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure,
nor speaking thine own words : then shalt
thou delight thyself in the Lord.—Isa. lviii.
13, 14.

Let this day be blest
With holiness and consecrated rest ;
Pastime and business both it should exclude,
And bar the door the moment they intrude ;
Nobly distinguish'd above all the six,
By deeds, in which the world should never mix.
Cowper.

— —

Monday.

They walked after things that do not profit.
—Jer. ii. 8.

What is the world at best,
Though deck'd in vernal bloom,
By hope and youthful fancy drest ?
What but a ceaseless toil for rest,

A passage to the tomb ;
 If flow'rets strew,
 The avenue,
 Though fair, alas ! how fading and how few !
Conder.

Tuesday.

He will be very gracious unto thee, at the voice of thy cry.—Isa. xxx. 19.

Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets fall a stream
 Of glory on the consecrated hour
 Of man in audience with the Deity.—*Young.*

Wednesday.

Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it.—Isa. xxx. 21.

But he who knew what human hearts would
 prove,
 How slow to learn the dictates of his love,
 That hard by nature and of stubborn will,
 A life of ease would make them harder still ;
 In pity to the souls his grace design'd
 To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
 Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,
 And said, " Go spend them in the vale of tears."
Courper.

Thursday.

If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.—Matt. vi. 15.

The mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.—*Pope.*

Friday.

I will strengthen thee.—Isa. xli. 10.

A sigh can waft them to his seat in prayer,
Not Gabriel bends with more acceptance there ;
Nor to the throne from heav'n's pure altar rise
The odours of a sweeter sacrifice,—
Than when before the mercy-seat they kneel,
And tell him all they fear, or hope, or feel.
Perils without and enemies within,
Satan, the world, temptation, weakness, sin ;
Yet rest unshaken in his sure defence,
Invincible through his omnipotence.

Montgomery.

Saturday.

Call upon me in the day of trouble ; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.—Ps. l. 15.

In every storm that either frowns or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer.

Young.

TWENTY-NINTH WEEK.

Sunday.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed.—Ps. cxxv. 1.
 Soon o'er the waves of trouble and distress,
 Which now so oft you feel, and oftener fear,
 Your little bark, outriding every storm
 That rises now, or may in future rise,
 Shall rest upon the everlasting hills,
 And never feel the dashing surge again.

Swain.

Monday.

He will ever be mindful of his covenant.—
 Ps. cxi. 5.

My soul th' eternal cov'nant trust,
 Well order'd, still, and sure ;
 There all my hopes and wishes meet,
 In death I call its blessings sweet,
 And feel its bond secure.—*Doddridge.*

Tuesday.

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.—Col. iii. 2.

While pilgrims on this earthly ball,
 Our sweetest joys are tinged with gall ;

The distant things which promise best,
 Prove less than nothing when possess'd.
Swain.

Wednesday.

The memory of the just is blessed.—Prov. x. 7.
 All must to their cold graves ;
 But the religious actions of the just
 Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.
Herbert.

Thursday.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto
 you.—John xiv. 27.
 Guilt's barbed sting, with piercing smart,
 No more shall wound the trembling heart ;
 Wash'd from our sins in Jesus' blood,
 We then shall know the peace of God.
Swain.

Friday.

I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, there-
 with to be content.—Phil. iv. 11.
 He is the happy man whose life e'en now
 Shows somewhat of that happier life to come,
 Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
 Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
 Would make his fate his choice.—*Cowper.*

Saturday.

They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.—Acts iv. 13.

When one that holds communion with the skies
Has fill'd his urn where the pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings ;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied
Cowper.

THIRTIETH WEEK.*Sunday.*

The Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.—Exod. xx. 11.

Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.

Stennett.

Monday.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous.—Ps. cxviii. 15.

Each virtue brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reversion, hope exults

And, though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of heaven.

Young.

Tuesday.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the
Lord pitieth them that fear him.—Ps. ciii. 13.
Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be
gone,
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,—
Steadfast on this my soul relies,
Father! thy mercy never dies.—*Young.*

Wednesday.

O my people! what have I done unto thee?
and wherein have I wearied thee?—Micah vi. 3.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.
Young.

Thursday.

He that followeth me, shall not walk in darkness,
but shall have the light of life.—John
viii. 12.

Oh! wherefore is the Deity so kind?
Astonishing beyond astonishment!
Heaven our reward for heaven enjoy'd below.
Young.

Friday.

Using this world, as not abusing it.—1 Cor. vii. 31.

On all he has there stands imprest
 One truth conspicuous, This is not my rest.
 From that divine remembrance ever springs
 A moderated care for earthly things ;
 Pilgrims and strangers in this desert spot,
 He holds them all as though he held them not.
Jane Taylor.

Saturday.

Charity beareth all things, hopeth all things,
 endureth all things.—1 Cor. xiii. 7.

Pure is her aim, and in her temper mild,
 Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child,
 She makes excuses where she might condemn,
 Reviled by those that hate her, prays for them ;
 Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,
 The worst suggested, she believes the best ;
 Not soon provoked, however stung or teased,
 And if perhaps made angry, soon appeased ;
 She rather waives than will dispute her right,
 And injured, makes forgiveness her delight.
Cowper.

THIRTY-FIRST WEEK.

Sunday.

Be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools.—Eccles. v. 1.

Unto thine altar Lord,
A broken heart I bring.—*Herbert.*

Monday.

He doth not willingly afflict, nor grieve the children of men.—Lam. iii. 33.

Oh thou, whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here.—*Edmeston.*

Tuesday.

I am the Lord, I change not.—Mal. iii. 6.
Lord, though we change, thou art the same,
The same sweet God of light and love.
Herbert.

Wednesday.

Having therefore these promises, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh

and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.—2 Cor. vii. 1.

Heaven from above, and conscience from within,
Cries in the list'ning ear, Abstain from sin.

Cowper.

Thursday.

I know the thoughts that I think towards you,
saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil,
to give you an expected end.—Jer. xxix. 11.

Afflictions from above,
Are angels sent
On embassies of love,
A fiery legion at thy birth
Of chastening woes were given,
To pluck thy flowers of hope from earth,
And plant them high
O'er yonder sky,
Transformed to stars, and fix'd in heaven.

Montgomery.

Friday.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear
much fruit.—John xv. 8.

Oh how fair fruits may you to mortal man
From wisdom's garden give; how many may
By you the wiser and the better prove!

Grimbald.

Saturday.

Seekest thou great things for thyself?—seek them not.—Jer. xlv. 5.

Talk not to him of earthly bliss,
 Who sickens at the thought of pleasure,
 But point a fairer world than this,
 Where never fades the once gain'd treasure ;
 Recount the woes a Saviour bore,
 To mark the way to Canaan's shore,
 And tell how bow'd his soul with pain,
 That sorrow's children may obtain
 A never fading treasure.—*Grimbald.*

THIRTY-SECOND WEEK.

Sunday.

But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.—2 Cor. iii. 18.

Let me have such communion with thee now
 As saints in holy moments have enjoy'd ;
 Such as may kindle up the flame divine,
 Imprint the image of thy holiness,
 And feed the heav'nly flame, till, dead to sense
 And all the false attractions of the world,
 I feel myself completely blest in thee.

Mrs. Rowe.

Monday.

Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.—Luke xii. 32.

That gift bestow'd, the giver must be dear ;
That gift received, the giver must be loved ;
And love alone can make obedience sweet.

Swain.

Tuesday.

My grace is sufficient for thee.—2 Cor. xii. 9.

Oh weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a father's care ;
A moment's toil—a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share.—*Bowdler.*

Wednesday.

And that he died for all, that they which live, should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again.—2 Cor. v. 15.

Such as our motive is, our aim should be,
If this be servile that can ne'er be free ;
If self employ us, whatsoe'er is wrought
We glorify that self, not him we ought ;

Such virtues had need prove their own reward,
The Judge of all men owes them no regard.

Cowper.

Thursday.

Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like
men, be strong.—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

Feel what you are, and dare be what you feel.

Montgomery.

Friday.

We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed ;
we are perplexed, but not in despair.
—2 Cor. iv. 8.

Patient his hope, unanxious is his care,
His caution fearless, and his grief
A stranger to despair.—*Young.*

Saturday.

Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.
—Micah vi. 9.

Still raise to heaven the supplicating voice,
But leave to God the measure and the choice ;
Implore his aid, on his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

Johnson.

THIRTY-THIRD WEEK.

Sunday.

I will glorify the house of my glory.—Isa.
lx. 7.

His presence there
To those that seek his word of grace, ensures
That word of grace on which his people rest.
Swain.

Monday.

Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may
be full.—John xvi. 24.

For as thou dost thy grace impart,
The greater shall our glory be.
Herbert.

Tuesday.

I die daily.—1 Cor. xv. 31.
One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heaven
Becomes a mortal and immortal man.
Young.

Wednesday.

The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day
of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in
him.—Nahum i. 7.

Though sterile earth deny a balm
 To sorrows of her own infliction,
 Yet heaven will not refuse to calm
 The sharpest throbbings of affliction.
 Blest theme ! which, until sighings swell
 Too high for Deity to quell,
 May boast a cure for every case,
 And wipe from off the saddest face
 The tokens of affliction.—*Young*.

Thursday.

Quench not the Spirit.—1 Thess. v. 19.

How oft the lawless passions rove,
 And break those awful precepts I approve ;
 Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
 And violate the virtue I adore :
 Oft when thy better Spirit's guardian care
 Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting
 snare,

My stubborn will his gentle aid repress'd,
 And check'd the rising goodness in my breast ;
 Mad with vain hopes, or urged by false desires,
 Still'd his soft voice, or quench'd his sacred fires.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

Friday.

Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.
 —2 Cor. ix. 15.

Oh thou bounteous giver of all good !
 Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown :
 Give what thou canst,—without thee we are
 poor,
 And with thee rich,—take what thou wilt away.
Cowper.

Saturday.

Thy will be done.—Luke xi. 2.
 Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply ;
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant,
 What ill, though ask'd deny.
Merrick.

THIRTY-FOURTH WEEK.

Sunday.

I will be as the dew unto Israel.—Hos. xiv. 5.
 What purpose has the king of grace in view ?
 Why falls the gospel like a gracious dew ?
 To call up plenty from the teeming earth ?
 Or curse the desert with a tenfold dearth ?
 Is it that Adam's offspring may be saved
 From servile fear, or be the more enslaved ?
 To loose the links that gall'd mankind before,
 Or bind them faster on, and still add more ?

The free-born Christian has no chains to prove,
 Or, if a chain, the golden one of love :
 No fear attends to quench his glowing fires ;
 What fear he feels, his gratitude inspires :
 Shall he for such deliv'rance freely wrought,
 Recompense ill?—he trembles at the thought ;—
 His Master's int'rests and his own combined,
 Prompt every movement of his heart and mind.
Cowper.

Monday.

The Lord pondereth the hearts.—Prov. xxi. 2.
 Th' Almighty from his throne on earth surveys
 Nought greater than an humble honest heart ;
 An humble heart his residence pronounced,
 His second seat, and rival to the skies.—*Young.*

Tuesday.

In the multitude of my (cares) within me,
 thy comforts delight my soul.—Ps. xciv. 19.

Forgive the tear

That feeble nature sheds, calm all her fears,
 Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith :
 Till the rapt soul, anticipating heaven,
 Burst from the thraldom of encumb'ring clay,
 And on the wing of ecstasy sublime,
 Springs into liberty, and light, and life.
Young.

Wednesday.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—Phil. iv. 7.

A noble fortitude in ills delights,
Heaven, earth, ourselves ;—’tis glory, duty,
peace. *Young.*

Thursday.

Follow thou me.—John xxi. 22.

Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power ;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction’s hour ;—
“ Follow me ! ”—I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord !—thy steps I see ;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burden now to me.
Montgomery.

Friday.

I will sing of mercy and judgment.—Ps. ci. 1.

Not that alone which solaces and shines,—
The rough and gloomy challenges my praise.
Young.

Saturday.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.—Ps. cxii. 4.

There is a light that gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers thicken, and when tempests
lower ;

That calm to faith, and hope, and love is given—
That peace remains when all besides is riven—
That light shines down on earth direct from
heav'n. *Edmeston.*

THIRTY-FIFTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

Return unto thy rest, O my soul.—Ps. cxvi. 7.

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing by,
“ Let us,” said he, “ pour on him all we can :
Let the world’s riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.”

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flow’d, then wisdom, honour,
pleasure :

When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest at the bottom lay.

“ For if I should,” said he,

Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in nature, not the God of nature,
 So both should losers be :
 Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness ;
 Let him be rich and weary ; that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast.—*Herbert.*

Monday.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the
 cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the
 world is crucified unto me, and I unto the
 world.—Gal. vi. 14.

Oh let me rather choose to boast,
 Wherever I may be,
 The things the world despiseth most,—
 The nails, the spear, the tree ;
 Thy lowly life, thy temper mild,
 Thy spirit of a little child.—*Edmeston.*

Tuesday.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous.—Ps.
 xcvii. 12.

A Deity believed, is joy begun ;
 A Deity adored, is joy advanced ;
 A Deity beloved, is joy matured.—*Young.*

Wednesday.

Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us.—Heb. xii. 1.

In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds ;
 Perhaps a thousand demi-gods descend
 On every beam we see, to walk with men ;
 Awful reflection, strong restraint from ill !

Young.

Thursday.

Live in peace ; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.—2 Cor. xiii. 11.

Self-love, thus push'd from social to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessings
 thine ;

Is this too little for the bounteous heart ?
 Extend it, let thine enemies have part :
 Grasp the whole world of reason, life and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence :
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of bliss but height of charity.

Smart.

Friday.

It is well.—2 Kings iv. 26.

I bow, unequal to the load,
 But my chastiser is my God :
 Unmurm'ring then beneath his hand,
 Oh ! let me meek and patient stand,
 Acknowledge his unerring ways,
 And in the furnace give him praise :
 Wise and good is the Most High,
 Guilty, foolish, faithless I ;—
 I bow unequal to the load,
 But my chastiser is my God.

Mrs. Courper

Saturday.

Come ye, and let us walk in the light of the
 Lord.—Isa. ii. 5.

When friends on whom the heart reposed,
 To shed around a guiding ray,
 In bitterness their souls have closed
 Upon the light which led the way ;—
 When false alluring meteors play,
 The downward easy paths to try ;
 To walk in thine unclouded day,
 Oh Father ! unto thee we fly.

Mrs. Courper.

THIRTY-SIXTH WEEK.

Sunday.

O God, thou art my God : early will I seek thee : my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is : to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. —Ps. lxiii. 1, 2.

Open the boundless treasures of thy grace,
And let me once more see thy lovely face,
As I have seen thee in thy bright abode,
When all my powers confess'd the present God.

Mrs. Rowe.

Monday.

I will not fear : what can man do unto me ?
—Ps. cxviii. 6.

No hand can move on earth or hell,
Against the soul he loves,
But as directed by his will,
But as his love approves. —*Swain.*

Tuesday.

Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind,
be sober, and hope to the end, for the grace

that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.—1 Peter i. 13.

Anticipate heaven ; it will sweeten those hours
 When sorrows all round you appear,
 Will strew all the road to mount Zion with
 flowers,
 And smooth the rough pathway of care.
Swain.

Wednesday.

Clouds and darkness are round about him,—
 Ps. xcvii. 2.

When frowns appear to veil his face,
 And clouds surround his throne,
 He hides the purpose of his grace,
 To make it better known.—*Swain.*

Thursday.

None of these things move me, neither count
 I my life dear unto myself, so that I might
 finish my course with joy.—Acts xx. 24.

Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,
 But from the prospect of immortal life.

Young.

Friday.

Put on the whole armour of God.—Eph. vi. 11.

Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
 A military discipline of thought,
 To foil temptation in the doubtful field,
 And ever-waking ardour for the right,
 'Tis these first give, then guard a cheerful heart,
 Nought that is right think little, well aware
 What reason bids, God bids ; by his command,
 How aggrandized the smallest thing we do !
Young.

Saturday.

Above all, taking the shield of faith, where-
 with ye shall be able to quench all the fiery
 darts of the wicked.—Eph. vi. 16.

Hardy and versed in martial arts,
 Let hostile armies crowd the field ;
 Thou, undismay'd, shalt front the show'ry darts,
 Too feebly thrown to pierce the seven-fold
 shield ;
 Celestial love shall fold his arms around,
 Avert the flying shaft, and ward off every wound.
Young.

THIRTY-SEVENTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not
all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniqui-
ties; who healeth all thy diseases.—Ps. ciii.
1, 2.

The soul emerged from nature's night
Shall view the dawning ray,
With splendid beams of genial light
Bring in the welcome day.

The healing sweets of Gilead's balm
Thy wounded breast shall prove,
And every restless thought be calm,
Subdued by conquering love.—*Young.*

Monday.

What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
and the son of man, that thou visitest him?—
Ps. viii. 4.

The power, who bent on deeds of grace,
Call'd worlds to life, and peopled space,—
That power, in kind and wise degree,
Assign'd the fates of man—of thee :
Be still, confess thy actual state,
Low, but not mean, and humbly great,

And unalarm'd sedately eye
The mists that veil futurity.—*Young.*

Tuesday.

God is our refuge and strength : a very present help in trouble.—Ps. xlv. 1.

When most we need his helping hand,
This friend is ever near ;
With heav'n and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.—*Swain.*

Wednesday.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit ? or
whither shall I flee from thy presence ?—Ps.
cxxxix. 7.

Breathe no wish, my soul,
But what an angel, or a God may hear :
Be angels far or nigh, heav'n's God is present.
Newcomb.

Thursday.

The cup which my Father hath given me,
shall I not drink it ?—John xviii. 11.

Dash it with thine unchanging love,
Let not a drop of wrath be there ;
The saints, for ever blest above,
Were often most afflicted here.

Beddome.

Friday.

God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able ; but will with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.—1 Cor. x. 13.

Have angels sinn'd, and shall not man beware ?
 How shall a son of earth decline the snare ?
 Not folded arms, nor slackness of the mind,
 Can promise for the safety of mankind :
 None are supinely good ; through care and pain,
 And various arts, the steep ascent we gain,
 This is the seat of combat, not of rest ;
 Man's is laborious happiness at best ;
 On this side death his dangers never cease,
 His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.
Young.

Saturday.

All the promises of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us.—2 Cor. i. 20.

If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
 His laws could vary, and his plans undo,
 Desponding faith would droop its cheerless
 wing,
 Religion deaden to a lifeless thing ;
 Where could we rational repose our trust,
 But in a power immutable as just ?—*Young.*

THIRTY-EIGHTH WEEK.

Sunday.

The Lord hath filled Zion with judgment and righteousness.—Isa. xxxiii. 5.

Here the best gifts of gracious heaven descend,
 Here God with man converses as a friend,
 Here dwells the power that elevates the mind,
 And aids the genuine weal of human kind,
 Awakes the soul, enlivens and inspires
 Its grateful views, and all its high desires,
 Allays the anguish mortals cannot shun,
 And causes heaven to be on earth begun.

Jones.

Monday.

If thou break my statutes, and keep not my commandments ; then will I visit thy transgressions with a rod, and thy iniquity with stripes.—Ps. lxxxix. 31, 32.

God of my life, how good, how wise,
 Thy judgments on my soul have been ;
 They were but mercies in disguise,
 The painful antidotes of sin :
 How different now thy ways appear,—
 Most merciful when most severe.

C. Wesley.

Tuesday.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.—Ps. cxlvii. 3.

Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not the wing of love
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom
 One peace-branch from above ;
 Then, sorrow touch'd by thee grows bright,
 With more than rapture's ray,
 As darkness shews us worlds of light
 We never see by day.—*Moore.*

Wednesday.

Ephraim feedeth on wind, and followeth after the east wind.—Hosea xii. 1.

Far from enjoying what these scenes disclose,
 I pluck the thorn, alas! but miss the rose.

Guion.

Thursday.

Unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.—Mal. iv. 2.

How blest thy creature is, O God,
 When, with a single eye,
 He views the lustre of thy word,
 The day-spring from on high!

Through all the storms that veil the skies,
 And frown on earthly things,
 The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,
 With healing in his wings.—*Cowper.*

Friday.

My mouth shall shew forth thy righteousness,
 and thy salvation all the day.—Ps. lxxi. 15.

The soul whose sight all-quick'ning grace
 renews,
 Takes the resemblance of the good she views ;
 As diamonds, stripp'd of their opaque disguise,
 Reflect the noonday glories of the skies ;
 She speaks of him, her author, guardian, friend,
 Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end,
 In language warm as all that love inspires,
 Pants to communicate her nobler fires.

Cowper.

Saturday.

Without me ye can do nothing.—John xv. 5.
 Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives,
 The strength he gains is from the embrace he
 gives. *Cowper.*

THIRTY-NINTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's-day.—Rev.
i. 10.

Delightful hours! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er their reign,
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.
Edmeston.

Monday.

The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble. And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.—Ps. ix. 9, 10.

Oh, Father unto thee we fly,
When earthly raptures lose their zest,
When pleasure shakes her wings on high,
In heaven to seek her native rest:
When vanish'd is the cherub guest,
And earth cannot the void supply,
In thy parental arms to rest,
Oh, Father! unto thee we fly.
Edmeston.

Tuesday.

He hath done all things well.—Mark vii. 37.

Now, in a song of grateful praise,
 To thee, O God, my voice I'll raise ;
 With all my powers I'll join to tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
 But when to that bright world I rise,
 And join the anthems in the skies,
 Above the rest this note shall swell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

Edmeston.

Wednesday.

Ye are not your own ; for ye are bought with
 a price : therefore glorify God in your body,
 and in your spirit, which are God's.—1 Cor.
 vi. 19, 20.

Father of eternal grace,
 Glorify thyself in me ;
 Sweetly beaming in my face,
 May the world thine image see.

Montgomery.

Thursday.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit,
 he taketh away ; and every branch that beareth

fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.—John xv. 2.

Such sharpness shews the sweetest friend,
Such cuttings rather heal than rend,
And such beginnings touch their end.

Herbert.

Friday.

Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth.—Ps. lxx. 20.

Borne through the wilderness in wrath,
He seem'd in power alone a God ;
But blessings follow'd in his path,
For mercy kiss'd the rod.—*Montgomery.*

Saturday.

Pray without ceasing.—1 Thess. v. 17.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest Saint upon his knees.—*Cowper.*

FORTIETH WEEK.*Sunday.*

Thy paths drop fatness.—Ps. lxxv. 11.

Behold the beauty, pluck the lovely fruit,
 Drink of the stream that glides before thy foot ;
 Converse with wisdom, listen, understand,
 Receive the truth, obey the just command.
 Then, view with tranquil heart and brilliant eye,
 This stormy region, and tempestuous sky,
 Find a pure light t' illumine thy darkest days,
 And in thy bitt'rest moments whisper praise.

Jones.

Monday.

I will bless the Lord at all times.—Ps. xxxiv. 1.

I'll love the Lord, and trust his word,
 Though he see fit to frown,
 And bless the hand that holds the sword,
 Which cuts my comforts down.—*Swain.*

Tuesday.

Thou hast shewed thy people hard things :
 thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonish-
 ment.—Ps. lx. 3.

The mingled cup we all must share,
 But there are some, to whom the bowl
 Is doubly drugged—yet these must bear
 Their lot, and deeply drain the whole.
 How freshly heav'n's sweet waters roll,
 Their bitter draught to purify :
 And rests—how calmly rests—the soul,
 Oh, Father—when to thee we fly.
Swain.

Wednesday.

For he knoweth our frame : he remembereth
 that we are dust.—Ps. ciii. 14.

Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends on earth a brother's eye :
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailties of our frame.
Logan.

Thursday.

He will subdue our iniquities : and thou wilt
 cast all their sins into the depths of the sea. —
 Micah vii. 19.

Though thy temptations rise abhorr'd,
 And outward foes increase ;
 'Tis but for him to speak the word,
 And all within is peace.—*Swain.*

Friday.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.
—Ps. cxix. 37.

Eternity !

A glorious and a needful refuge, that
From vile imprisonment in abject views ;
’Tis immortality,—’tis that alone,
Amid life’s pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate and fill ;
That only and that amply this performs,
Lifts us above life’s pains, her joys above.

Young.

Saturday.

For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.
—Phil. i. 21.

To this godlike height
Some souls have soar’d, or martyrs ne’er had
bled,
And all may do what has by man been done.
Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptur’d, unexalted, uninflamed ?
What slave unblest, who, from to-morrow’s
dawn,
Expects an empire ! he forgets his chain,
And throned in thought his absent sceptre
waves.

Young.

FORTY-FIRST WEEK.*Sunday.*

The word of the Lord is tried : he is a buckler
to all them that trust in him.—2 Sam. xxii. 31.

What thanks I owe thee, heavenly Lord,
For all the wonders of thy word ;
In every pang, in every fear,
I find the treasured comfort here ;
Thy chast'ning anger soon is past,
Thy healing mercies ever last,
And with reviving influence shed
Eternal blessings on my head.—*Bowdler.*

Monday.

She hath done what she could.—Mark xiv. 8.
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.
Young.

Tuesday.

The Lord is thy keeper ; the Lord is thy
shade upon thy right hand.—Ps. cxxi. 5.
If dangers threaten, or if ills surround,
See the kind parent near, to hush my cares ;
And o'er my head to throw the guardian shield.
Newcomb.

Wednesday.

If ye will not lay it to heart, to give glory unto my name, saith the Lord of hosts, I will even send a curse upon you, and I will curse your blessings.—Mal. ii. 2.

Hence disappointment lurks in every prize,
As bees in flowers, and stings us with success.
Young.

Thursday.

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.—
Lam. iii. 24.

From each terrestrial bondage set me free,
Still every wish that centres not in thee ;
Bid my fond hope, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my soul to everlasting peace.
Mrs. Barbauld.

Friday.

Before I was afflicted I went astray.—Ps.
cxix. 67.

If by adversity I learn
Still more my frailty to discern,
Still more on Jesus to depend,
And dread my Saviour to offend ;
If, driven from every earthly good,
I seek delight alone in God ;

If these effects her steps attend,
 I'll call adversity my friend,
 And hail her as a boon from heaven,
 In mercy, not in anger, given.
 O may I never more rely
 On creatures for felicity ;
 But place dependance on his name,
 Who will not put my hopes to shame.
Mrs. Barbauld.

Saturday.

Be ye holy, for I am holy.—1 Pet. i. 16.

Assist me, Lord, to act, to be
 What nature and thy laws decree ;
 Worthy that intellectual flame
 Which from thy breathing Spirit came.
Henry Moore.

FORTY-SECOND WEEK.

Sunday.

The place whereon thou standest is holy ground.—Exod. iii. 5.

On such a spot what human heart retains
 Unholy feelings ? who consigns the reins
 To all that vanity of heart and mind,
 That forms the woe and meanness of mankind ;

The viler weeds of nature shrink and die,
 Each thought and feeling points us to the sky ;
 And dead alike to human joys and woes,
 We taste no bliss, but that which heaven
 bestows. *Jones.*

Monday.

Give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is good,
 for his mercy endureth for ever.—Ps. cvi. 1.

If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
 Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my
 way,

Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
 And with strong confidence lay hold on thee ;
 With equal eye my various lot receive,
 Resign'd to die, or cheerfully to live :
 Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
 While God is seen in all, and all in God.

Mrs. Barbauld.

Tuesday.

They that observe lying vanities, forsake
 their own mercy.—Jonah ii. 8.

In vain I search the creatures round,
 Their every answer this :—
 “No pleasure can in us be found,
 If God is not thy bliss.”—*Swain.*

Wednesday.

Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth.—Col. iii. 5.

The man that would with judgment rule,
Must learn self-government: that noble art
He therefore studies, marks each wayward bent,
And fretful disposition of his mind,
And checks it in the bud, by sudden prayer,
Or steady-self denial.—*Swain.*

Thursday.

Be still, and know that I am God.—Ps. xlv. 10.

He, as the great proprietor is known,
We are not, and we cannot be our own,
And all our bliss, as all our honour, lies
In full submission to the great All-wise.
If weeds and brambles mingle with the flowers,
If sorrow casts a shadow o'er our hours;
Remember, earth is not a final scene,
And truth conducts to realms that are serene.
Jones.

Friday.

Be not slothful, but followers of them, who through faith and patience inherit the promises.
—Heb. vi. 12.

Pride and indulgence, fallen nature's fruit,
 Religion strikes at to the very root ;
 And where they hold an undisputed rule,
 That heart was never in the gospel school.
Jane Taylor.

Saturday.

In your patience possess ye your souls.—
 Luke xxi. 19.

Oh! happy they, whate'er their lot below,
 Who bear with calmness all their weight of woe ;
 View deepest clouds involve the ambient scene,
 And still remain undaunted and serene ;
 If tempests rage and swelling billows roll,
 If awful fury roll from pole to pole,
 With steadfast aim their changeless course they
 steer,
 Strangers to murmur, fretfulness, or fear.
Jones.

FORTY-THIRD WEEK.

Sunday.

Blessed are they that hear the word of God,
 and keep it.—Luke xi. 28.

Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
 And love with fear the only good,—to walk

As in his presence, ever to observe
 His providence, and on him sole depend.
 Merciful over all his works,—with good
 Still overcoming evil,—and by small,
 Accomplishing great things.—*Milton.*

Monday.

I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right,
 and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.
 --Ps. cxix. 75.

Thy justice and thy mercy both are sweet,
 Thou mak'st our sufferings and salvation meet ;
 Befall me, then, whatever God shall please ;
 His wounds are healing, and his griefs give ease,
 He is the true Physician of the soul,
 Applies the med'cine that can make it whole,
 I'll do, I'll suffer whatsoe'er he wills,
 I see his aim through all these transient ills ;
 'Tis to ensure a salutary grief,
 To fit the mind to absolute relief,
 Till freed from every false and finite love,
 Dead to the world, alive to joys above ;
 The soul renew'd as in its first-form'd youth,
 Shall worship God in spirit and in truth.
Milton.

Tuesday.

What confidence is this wherein thou trustest.
—Isa. xxxvi. 4.

Oh weep not that none are around thee to love,
For a Father is with thee to bless ;
And if griefs have exalted thy spirit above,
Oh say—wouldst thou wish for one less ?
He is with thee whose favour for ever is life ;
Could a mortal heart guard thee so well ?
Oh ! hush the vain wish, calm thy bosom's wild
strife,
And forbid but a thought to rebel.—*Milton.*

Wednesday.

It is I ; be not afraid.—Matt. xiv. 27.
Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I see ;
Let neither winds, nor stormy main,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.—*Cowper.*

Thursday.

Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the
great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.
—Ps. lxxvii. 19.

God is a spirit, veil'd from human sight,
In secret darkness of eternal light ;

Through all the glory of his works we trace
 The hidings of his counsel and his face ;
 Nature, and time, and change, and fate fulfil,
 Unknown, unknowing his mysterious will ;
 Mercies and judgments mark him every hour,
 Supreme in grace, and infinite in power

Montgomery.

Friday.

Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world : and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.—1 John v. 4.

The cross once seen is death to every vice,
 Else he that hung there, suffer'd all his pain,
 Bled, groan'd and agonized, and died in vain.

Cowper.

Saturday.

I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.—Rev. xxii. 16.

Once in the raging sea I rode,

The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd

The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
 Deep horror through my vitals froze,—

Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,

It was the star of Bethlehem,

It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

H. K. White.

FORTY-FOURTH WEEK.

Sunday.

These men have set up their idols in their heart, and put the stumbling block of their iniquity before their face : should I be enquired of at all by them ?—Ezek. xiv. 3.

Thy mansion is the Christian's heart,
 O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure ;
 Bid the unruly throng depart,
 And leave the consecrated door.

Courper.

Monday.

As many as I love, I rebuke, and chasten.—
 Rev. iii. 19.

Ye sons of sorrow learn to prize,
 And hail each kind distress, that pours a light
 Into thy soul, and gives her to behold
 Each blessing clearer through a cloud survey'd :

That friend how kind, who always in a smile
 Conveys his anger, in true pity meant,
 To kill our follies, and to amend our heart.

Newcomb.

Tuesday.

Not slothful in business ; fervent in spirit ;
 serving the Lord.—Rom. xii. 11.

'Midst hourly cares, may love present
 Its incense to thy throne ;
 And while the world our hands employs,
 Our hearts be thine alone!—*Doddridge.*

Wednesday.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose
 mind is stayed on thee ; because he trusteth in
 thee.—Isa. xxvi. 3.

'Tis wondrous grace
 Keeps off thy terrors from this humble bosom,
 Though stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene
 In penitential peace, and cheerful hope,
 Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.

Watts.

Thursday.

From the end of the earth will I cry unto
 thee, when my heart is overwhelmed : lead me
 to the rock that is higher than I.—Ps. lxi. 2.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of ages, shelter me!
 Let me hide myself in thee!—*Toplady.*

Friday.

Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her.—Hos. ii. 14.

Thou wouldst not let thy captive go,
 Or leave me to my carnal will;
 Thy love forbade my rest below,
 Thy patient love pursued me still,
 And forced me from my sin to part,
 And tore the idol from my heart.

But can I now the loss lament,
 Or murmur at the friendly blow?
 Thy friendly blow my heart hath rent
 From every seeming good below;
 Thrice happy loss, which makes me see,
 My happiness is all in thee!—*Toplady.*

Saturday.

Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.—Ps. lxxxi. 10.

Thou art coming to a king ;
 Large petitions with thee bring,
 For his grace and power are such
 None can ever ask too much.—*Newton.*

FORTY-FIFTH WEEK.

Sunday.

Will ye walk after other gods whom ye know not ; and come and stand before me in this house, which is called by my name ?—*Jer. vii. 9, 10.*

If thy darling sin find harbour in thy breast,
 The heavens are brass above thine head, and
 deaf
 Jehovah's ear to all thy supplications.—*Swain.*

Monday.

Jesus answered, and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.—*John vi. 29.*

Retreat beneath his wings,
 And in his grace confide ;
 This more exalts the King of kings,
 Than all your works beside.—*Cowper.*

Tuesday.

Remembering mine affliction and my misery,
the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath
them still in remembrance, and is humbled in
me.—Lam. iii. 19, 20.

Our blasted hopes, our aims and wishes cross'd,
Are worth the tears and agonies they cost.

Jane Taylor.

Wednesday.

The liberal deviseth liberal things ; and by
liberal things shall he stand.—Isa. xxxii. 8.

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.—*Gibbons.*

Thursday.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither
slumber, nor sleep.—Ps. cxxi. 4.

He will not faint, nor fail,
 Nor cause thy feet to stray ;
 For him no weary hours assail,
 Nor evening shadows spread their veil,
 O'er his eternal day.—*Bowdler.*

Friday.

Arise ye, and depart ; for this is not your rest.
 —Micah ii. 10.

Earth has engross'd my love too long !
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.—*Watts.*

Saturday.

I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.—
 Jer. ix. 24.

Happy the man who sees a God employ'd
 In all the good and ill that chequer life,
 Revolving all events, with their effects
 And manifold results, into the will
 And arbitration wise of the Supreme.

Cowper.

FORTY-SIXTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?
Behold, and see, if there be any sorrow like
unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, where-
with the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of
his fierce anger.—Lam. i. 12.

Come then, reflection, and before mine eye
Let these sad sorrows in perspective lie,
Till marbles weep, and weeping rocks reply.

So shall I stand as bound with him who stood,
Firm as a rock, resisting unto blood,
Redemption's witness, and the friend of God.

Arm'd with his mind, all meekness, but all zeal,
Patient to bear, though exquisite to feel
Hell's dread assaults, and heaven's more dread-
ful will. *Cowper.*

Monday.

He had respect unto the recompence of the
reward.—Heb. xi. 26.

The crown, th' unfading crown, his soul in-
spires,—

'Tis that and that alone can countervail
The body's treacheries and the world's assaults.
Young.

Tuesday.

Lovest thou me?—John xxi. 17.

My God, permit a creeping worm to say,
 “Thy Spirit knows I love thee!” Worthless
 wretch,
 To dare to love a God! But grace requires,
 And grace accepts.—*Watts.*

Wednesday.

Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour
 out your heart before him; God is a refuge for
 us.—Ps. lxii. 8.

What transport doth the pious bosom feel,
 Which spreads its various woes before the
 throne,
 Th’ indulgent eye of heaven! which pours its
 tears
 Into that pitying breast, that takes delight
 To sooth the sad, the wounded heart to heal,
 When safe beneath the covering of his wing
 We drop all human friendships, in exchange
 For joys more sweet, for pleasures more divine.
 Possessed of these, we touch the gates of heav’n,
 And almost feel its bliss before we die.

Newcomb.

Thursday.

He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure : for this is all my salvation, and all my desire.—2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

Glad she adores, depress'd by gloomy wanes,
That undecreasing light, who all ordains ;
On him she leans, relieved from with'ring things,
And his immortal counsel sweetly sings ;
That scheme of good, which all that dies
survives,

Whate'er decays for ever fair that thrives,
Whose progress, adverse fate, and prosp'rous
chance,

Virtue, and vice, and good, and ill advance ;
Which draws new splendour from all mortal
gloom,

Which all that fades, but feeds with riper bloom,
Each human fall but props, each prop succeeds,
And all that fancy deems obstruction, speeds ;
In nature's beauteous frame, as cold and heat,
And moist, and dry, and light, and darkness,
meet ;—

Harmonious, in the moral system join
Pleasure, and pain, and glory, and decline.

Fawcett.

Friday.

Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.
—Luke xviii. 1.

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r :
But a pray'r-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load. —*Cowper.*

Saturday.

It is good that a man should both hope and
quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. —
Lam. iii. 26.

Oh 'tis good
To wait submissive at thy holy throne,
To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.
Watts.

FORTY-SEVENTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

God is a Spirit, and they that worship him,
must worship him in spirit and in truth. —John
iv. 24.

What though no object strike upon the sight,
Thy sacred presence is an inward light ;

What though no sound shall penetrate the ear,—
 To list'ning faith the voice of truth is clear ;
 Sincere devotion wants no outward shrine,
 The centre of an humble soul is thine.

There may I worship, and there mayest thou
 raise

Thy seat of glory, and thy throne of grace ;
 Yea, fix, if Christ my advocate appear,
 The strict tribunal of thy justice here.—*Watts.*

Monday.

I am crucified with Christ ; nevertheless I
 live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.—Gal.
 ii. 20.

When faith presents the Saviour's death,
 And whispers, " 'This is thine ;"
 Sweetly my rising hours advance,
 And peacefully decline.

While such my views, the radiant sun
 Sheds a more sprightly ray ;
 Each object smiles, all nature charms,
 I sing my cares away.—*Hervey.*

Tuesday.

I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire
 to depart, and to be with Christ ; which is far
 better.—Phil. i. 23.

Enough has heaven bestow'd of joy below,
 To tempt our tarriance in this loved retreat ;
 Enough has heaven ordain'd of real wo,
 To make us languish for a happier seat.

Hervey.

Wednesday.

Know, therefore, and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God.—Jer. ii. 19.

A joy in which our reason has no part,
 Is but a sorrow tickling ere it stings.—*Young.*

Thursday.

Blessed is he that blesseth thee.—Num. xxiv. 9.

A solitary blessing few can find,
 Our joys with those we love are intertwined,
 And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
 The obstructing thorn that wounds the breast
 he loves,
 Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
 But scatters roses to adorn his own.

Mrs. More.

Friday.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matt. v. 16.

Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is giv'n
The bright reversion of approaching heav'n,
With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you out to
light ;

So let your piety reflective shine,
As men may thence confess his truth divine.

Mrs. More.

Saturday.

Redeeming the time.—Eph. v. 16.

Happy, thrice happy he, whose conscious heart
Inquires his purpose, and discerns his part,
Who runs with heed th' involuntary race,
Nor lets his hours reproach him as they pass.

Mrs. More.

FORTY-EIGHTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

I hate vain thoughts.—Ps. cxix. 113.

Then turn their wand'ring bias round,
From earth to heaven's celestial ground

Guide the rover, Jesus, guide,
 To thy lacerated side :
 Behold, my soul, a tide divine
 Must rise to wash one thought of thine.
 Could I remember this, my Lord,
 When thought indulges sin,
 I'd invoke thy two-edged sword,
 To hurl the rebel from within.
 Let, let not thought enamoured be
 With earth, or heaven, or ought but thee ;
 Chain, oh chain her to thy throne,
 Let her be thine, and thine alone ;
 That I may ripen for that day,
 When thought from thee shall never stray.
Mrs. More.

Monday.

Surely every man walketh in a vain shew
 Ps. xxxix. 6.
 The world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given,
 The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
 There's nothing true but Heaven.
 And false the light of glory's plume,
 As fading lines of even,
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gather'd from the tomb,—
 There's nothing bright but Heaven.—*More.*

Tuesday.

He will keep the feet of his saints.—1 Sam.
ii. 9.

Walk on in mingled elements, with eye
Serenely resting on the cloudless sky,
And midst the sufferings of thy mortal days,
Speak in the lovely syllables of praise —*Jones.*

Wednesday.

He that overcometh, shall inherit all things.
—Rev. xxi. 7.

A wrestler born was every heir of grace,
And each that enters heaven a wrestler dies.
Swain.

Thursday.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and
the weary are at rest.—Job iii. 17.

I'm but a sojourner and stranger here,
Wand'ring through darksome ways and gloomy
wilder,
Beset with hellish snares, and oft betray'd
By a deceitful treacherous heart within ;
Tired with perpetual toil, I cast my eye
To yonder peaceful world, and long for rest.
Mrs. Rowe.

Friday.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree : he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age ; they shall be fat and flourishing ; to shew that the Lord is upright ; he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.—Ps. xcii. 12—15.

When dire temptations gather round,
 And threaten or allure,
 By storm or calm, in Thee is found,
 A refuge strong and sure.
 When age advances, may we grow
 In faith, and hope, and love,
 And walk in holiness below,
 In holiness above.—*Montgomery.*

Saturday.

Why is thy countenance sad ? —Neh. ii. 2.

Why, my soul, art thou dismay'd ?
 Why of earth or hell afraid ?
 Trust in God ;—disdain to yield,
 While o'er thee he casts his shield,
 And his countenance divine
 Sheds the light of Heaven on thine.

Montgomery.

FORTY-NINTH WEEK.*Sunday.*

In thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—Ps. xvi. 11.

To dwell with God, to taste his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above ;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

Gibbons.

Monday.

Rejoice evermore.—1 Thess. v. 16.
Say not that earth is a thorny road,
And that joy only blooms in a far abode,
Ungrateful man,
O'er thy narrow span,
What mercies descend
From thy father and friend,
From the wonderful love of thy God.

Hodgson.

Tuesday.

He knoweth the way that I take : when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.—Job xxiii. 10.

All things by him are rightly understood,
 And all he orders is, and must be good ;
 'This hallow'd love express'd, or not express'd,
 Rules with its holy might the happy breast ;
 No nobler views illuminate the sage,
 No meaner views the peasant's heart engage ;
 And those who love them, though they know
 no more,

With bliss and grandeur stamp the present
 hour :

Acquainted with the follies of the mind,
 And with the passions that disturb the kind,
 Yet here they find the peace-restoring light,
 Source of tranquillity and true delight,
 And in the midst of evils that abound,
 They plant a paradise on earthly ground.

Jones.

Wednesday.

The Lord reigneth.—Ps. xciii. 1.

'Tis his providence that governs,
 Through his empire's wide domain ;
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
 Blessed be his gentle reign !—*Robinson.*

Thursday.

We have redemption through his blood, even
 the forgiveness of sins.—Col. i. 14.

Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies,
 Far more than labour—it was death in heav'n ,
 A truth so strange, 'twere bold to think it true,
 If not far bolder still to disbelieve.—*Young*.

Friday.

Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.—
 Col. iii. 15.

To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
 With power to grace them, or to crown with
 health,

Our little lot denies ; but heaven decrees

To all the gift of minist'ring to ease.

The gentle offices of patient love,

Beyond all flatt'ry and all price above ;

The mild forbearance at another's fault,

The taunting word suppress'd, as soon as
 thought ;

On these, heav'n bade the bliss of life depend,

And crush'd ill-fortune when it made a friend.

Mrs. More.

Saturday.

By faith he sojourned in the land of promise ;
 as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles
 with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the
 same promise : for he looked for a city which

hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.—Heb. xi. 9. 10.

By thy unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray ;
 We shall not full direction need,
 Nor miss our providential way.
C. Wesley.

FIFTIETH WEEK.

Sunday.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus : for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. i. 21.

When penitence, in trembling mood,
 Uplifts my streaming eyes to God,
 And sins of every name and age,
 By turns my mournful thoughts engage ;
 Full soon awake with cheering light,
 Thy pardoning mercies on my sight,
 And the Redeemer's name bestows
 A double peace for all my woes.

Bowdler.

Monday.

Be content with such things as ye have.—
 Heb. xiii. 5.

Save me, alike, from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent
 At aught thy wisdom has denied
 Or aught thy goodness lent.—*Pope.*

Tuesday.

I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely
 purge away thy dross, and take away all thy
 tin ; afterward thou shalt be called the city of
 righteousness, the faithful city.—Isa. i. 25, 26.

From the flame's refining power,
 More pure will gold of Ophir flow ;
 From affliction's fiery hour,
 More bright the Christian's graces glow.
Pope.

Wednesday.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ;
 for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall
 find rest unto your souls.—Matt. xi. 29.

Poor mortals, blind and weak below,
 Pursue the phantom bliss in vain ;
 The world's a wilderness of woe,
 And life's a pilgrimage of pain ;
 Till mild religion from above,
 Descends, a sweet engaging form,
 The messenger of heav'nly love,
 The bow of promise in a storm :

Then quickly passions take their flight,
 Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease ;
 Religion's yoke is soft and light,
 And all her paths are paths of peace :
 Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,
 And folly flies her chast'ning rod ;
 She makes the humble contrite heart
 A temple of the living God.

Montgomery.

Thursday.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow.—Prov. xxvii. 1.

Believe that every morning's ray,
 Hath lighted up thy latest day ;
 Then, if to-morrow's sun be thine,
 With double lustre shall it shine.

Montgomery.

Friday.

I will be glad in the Lord.—Ps. civ. 34.

Whatever clouds hang o'er my future hours,
 I pass them all ; thy sacred will be done.
 I am of no importance to myself :
 Be thou alone exalted ! All my soul
 Bows to thy grandeur, offers every thought
 Of love, and honour, friendship, and esteem
 To thee.

Mrs. Rowe.

Saturday.

The law of thy mouth is better unto me than
thousands of gold and silver.—Ps. cxix. 72.

He bids us in our duty find
Th' unchanging banquet of the mind
The bosom's thornless joy.—*Hodgson.*

FIFTY-FIRST WEEK.*Sunday.*

Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon
us.—Ps. xc. 17.

What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?
Davies.

Monday.

The wisdom that is from above is first pure,
then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreat-
ed, full of mercy and good fruits, without par-
tiality, and without hypocrisy.—James iii. 17.
Mild, sweet, and gentle, is her mood, [free,
Not grave with sternness, nor with lightness
Against example resolutely good,
Fervent in zeal, and warm in charity.
Davies.

Tuesday.

For though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.—Lam. iii. 32, 33.

Our dearest hopes he would not crush,
And pass unheeding by them ;
Nor bid our eyes with sorrow gush,
Unless his love could dry them.

Bernard Barton.

Wednesday.

For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.—Heb. ii. 18.

If aught should tempt my soul astray,
From heav'nly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do ;
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in the dang'rous hour.

Bernard Barton.

Thursday.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. ii. 10.

'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home : and like the ark

FIFTY-SECOND WEEK.

Sunday.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!—Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

To thy temple I repair,
 Lord, I love to worship there,
 / When within the veil I meet
 Christ upon the mercy-seat.

Montgomery.

Monday.

Be still, and know that I am God.—Ps. xlv. 10.

Is resignation's lesson hard ?
 Examine, you will find,
 That duty gives up little more
 Than anguish of the mind.—*Young.*

Tuesday.

We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope.—Rom. v. 3.

Oh where is the freshness that gives to the flower
 Its scent and its summer hue ?
 It came in the dark and midnight hour,
 In drops of heav'only dew :

So, often in sorrow the soul receives
 An influence from above,
 That beauty, and sweetness, and freshness gives,
 To patience, and faith, and love.

But the sun is high and the dew is dry,
 And the flower has lost its bloom,
 Its bell droops low, and the passer by
 Perceives no sweet perfume :
 So, like again to the drooping flower,
 In the sunshine of fortune's ray,
 The graces that bloom'd in a darksome hour
 Have faded and pass'd away,—*Edmeston.*

Wednesday.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to
 thy loving-kindness ; according to the multitude
 of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgres-
 sions.—Ps. li. 1.

Oh do not strictly mark my num'rous crimes,
 Nor ask what I deserve ; but what becomes
 The grandeur of thy name, thy glorious nature,
 Thy clemency and gentle attributes :
 Act, then, up to the height of grace divine,
 And be the glory and salvation thine.

Mrs. Rowe.

Thursday.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.—1 Cor. ii. 9.

When musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will ;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

It is that heav'n-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle-plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.—*Mrs. Rowe.*

Friday.

If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God.—1 John iii. 21.

Amidst the gentlest blandishments and charms,
The smiles and flattering boasts of human things,
My soul springs forward, and lays hold on thee ;
Calls thee her only portion and defence,
Nor knows a thought of diffidence and fear.

Mrs. Rowe.

Saturday.

The path of the just is as the shining light,
that shineth more and more unto the perfect
day.—Prov. iv. 18.

As the ascending sun new glory gains,
"Till at bright noon he shines in full perfection ;
Thus let me reach the highest point of virtue
As far as frail mortality can rise,
Then let me set in glory and in smiles.

Mrs. Rowe.

FINIS.

